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**CHARLES H. ALLEN,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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(REPORTED FOR THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.)

## Celebration of the 4th of July, AT TRANQUIL.

The company assembled (about three hundred) by 11 o'clock. Col. Gaskin was nominated President of the day, John Cothran, Esq., Vice President, and Major John Gibson, Marshal of the day. The Marshal formed the citizens in a line at the church, and marched to the seats, where the Declaration of Independence was read by Capt. J. Irwin, and Mr. Charles Pelot addressed the assembly.

After apologising for the poorness of his address—owing to the very brief time he had to prepare it, (four days,)—he said, "When we assemble ourselves to celebrate the birth day of freedom, I think we should be addressed on the subject—it shows our veneration for liberty—it serves as a refresher to our memory, as enlightenment to the rising generation, and it makes patriotism burn brighter on the altars of our hearts. The paper you have just heard read, declared to the world, seventy-one years ago, that we were free and independent. Our fathers, with their swords, established our title to the claim, and gave us a place among the nations of the earth. The politicians and statesmen of Europe protested that our government would not stand—we would be presently precipitated in anarchy and confusion. Mankind, they said, could not be held together without more restraint than our laws imposed; and that the freedom which our government guaranteed to its citizens, would destroy it. But, fellow-citizens, here we are, celebrating this glorious day, in our own free woods, living monuments of the fallacy of this prediction. Instead of being our own destroyers, we have increased with our years, and now proudly stand the greatest nation on earth." After showing our claims to greatness, as a brave, warlike, generous, patriotic, talented, scientific, &c., &c., nation, he then spoke of General Taylor; his closing remark about him was:—"This man fears nothing but a guilty conscience and his God. We hold him up to the world as a general unrivalled." He next drew our attention to Mr. Calhoun as follows:—"But, fellow-citizens, let us contemplate one still nearer to us—one whom South Carolina proudly claims—one who claims nativity in our own Abbeville. Look at John C. Calhoun, standing, as he does, exalted above his fellows; yet destitute of all pride, save that patriotic pride of serving his country: free from all ambition, but the laudable ambition of promoting his country's greatness, and preserving inviolable her constitution. Fellow-citizens, it would be presumption for such as me to attempt to eulogise such a man. The world respects him—all wise men show great deference to his opinion. Long may he live, not only for his usefulness, but as an ornament to our country and example to the rising generation. And yet, fellow-citizens, this great man is neglected, is passed by and his inferiors put over him. Our country does not appreciate his talents. But do we hear him complaining? do we see him retiring from her service in disgust? No. There he is, not uttering one word of complaint, serving his country as faithfully as though she had heaped upon

him all the honors he merits. And why is he so zealous in her service? Is it because he expects to be exalted to the presidential chair? No; but should our country ever have the gratitude, or the wisdom, to place him there, it would be no exaltation to him, the place would not honor him, but he would honor the place. Our country would be more honored by the world, and may be the means of averting a heavy calamity that threatens us in the vista of futurity;—that love of liberty which fired up the breasts of our forefathers—that pure Amore Patrie which is indigenous to our clime—that philanthropy which all good men feel, burns brightly in his breast, and prompts him to do all he can for his country and his kind." Speaking of the ladies, he said:—"And are these all of which we can boast? No, fellow-citizens: we have another, and that other we esteem far above all the rest—it is from that, all the rest emanate. Our greatest boast—our great ornament, is our fair country women—heaven's last and choicest gift to man. Unrivalled in appearance, mild and gentle, yet firm in disposition, modest, courteous, and affable in manners, and of a highly refined literary character. We throw down the gauntlet to the world, and fear no competition. It is from the matrons of our land that we imbibed all the noble qualities we possess. Early impressions are strongest; and that love of liberty—that love of country—that love of probity—in fine, that love of every thing that is noble honorable and refined—that we see so soon budding in our children, is imparted to them by their mothers, with the first dawning of intellect, not only by precept, but by example. On this part of my subject I would delight to linger, but I fear I have already wearied you, and I apprehend my fair auditors would accuse me of that I am not addicted to—flattery." After speaking of party spirit and the abolition question, he closed as follows: "Ours is too glorious a government to be endangered by party strife. Where is the man that is not exalted by being an inhabitant of the United States? Where the heart does not pulsate with manly pride at being called a citizen of our great republic? May all questions of strife be hushed—may party animosity die—may the whole nation be as one man in preserving our constitution and perpetuating our government—may generations yet unborn celebrate the 4th of July as the birth day of liberty—and at the end of all things, may our glorious free government be the last to pass away."

Mr. Pelot declined having his address published; and it was with great reluctance that he consented to the above extracts being published.

Perfect order and harmony prevailed during the day, and the company dispersed with reluctance at a late hour. The following toasts were prepared for the occasion:—

1. *The 4th of July, 1776.*—The birth day of liberty.
2. *The Old Thirteen.*—Liberty had no resting place on earth, until they, with their swords, erected a temple for her in our own country.
3. *The Declaration of Independence.*—It told the world that we dared resist oppression, and would be free.
4. *Our Constitution.*—Imposing equal burdens, and giving equal privileges, to all the sisters.
5. *South Carolina.*—The birth place of liberty's life guard. We contend for no more than the Constitution guarantees to us, and that we will have.
6. *Our Negro Slaves.*—The happiest and richest of the laboring class of mankind. Massa gibs me plenty meat, bred and lasses fa eat, good house to lib in and plenty good clothes; but nomo looke my long tail coat, me boots, an me umbrel, wid all de rest ob me Sunday fixins. I by um wid my own money. Looku me pig, me rooster, me cotton patch, an me dog; plenty ob coons in de swamp, and plenty ob time for hunt um. Wha, wha, wha!
7. *Massachusetts.*—The hot bed of Abolitionism. Peopled, as it was, by those who ever showed how greedy they were for power to tyrannise over their fellow man. What better can we expect from their sons? The fathers have eaten sour grapes—the children's teeth are on edge.
8. *The Abolitionists.*—Were these fanatical hypocrites, who use religion as a cloak

to get power, possessed of philanthropy, they would find enough to do in relieving the distress of their own laboring class.

9. *Our War with Mexico.*—We have proved to the world that the best soldiers are the free citizens of the United States.

10. *Mexico.*—The time is near at hand when she will bless us for whipping her into civilization.

11. *Ireland.*—Our sympathy for that doomed people, go to them in a very substantial form.

*Times.*—May it continue its upward course until it reaches the zenith, and then decline.

13. *Our own Neighborhood.*—May peace and harmony ever prevail among us. We will ever be found as one man in resisting oppression and defending our rights.

## VOLUNTEER TOAST.

By T. STYREN.—*Old Rough and Ready.* May he always be "rough" to the enemy, kind to his soldiers, and be our next President.

(WRITTEN FOR THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.)

## GEOLOGY, NO. 3.

For the present, we shall take our leave of the primitive region, and pass on to the transition series. We may return after a while, to draw a few more practical inferences. We again ask our readers to bear in mind, that this was our primary object when we commenced writing.

Under the arrangement we are pursuing, the transition class consists of 1. Argillite; 2. Calciferous Sand Rock; 3. Metaliferous Lime Rock; 4. Gray Wacke; 5. Old Red Sand Stone.

This class of rock contains organic remains, or petrifications, from the lowest class of the animal, and vegetable kingdoms. It is worthy of remark, however, that these petrifications are invariably marine, and never derived from fresh water, or dry land. This class of rocks must have been formed then, subsequent to the creation of the plants, and animals imbedded in them. This would seem to be undeniably true. Roof Slate is a variety of argillite, and need not be sought for any where else. Anthracite, a variety of coal is associated with argillite, and calciferous sand rock; indeed, so far as we have been able to investigate the matter, it has never been found in the United States.

It is useful for various purposes, in the arts, and sciences it is certainly of some practical importance to know where it may be found. With our present knowledge it would be sheer nonsense to search for it any where else, than in a transition country. This article is used in place of wood, or charcoal, for smelting iron ore, for burning lime, for the manufacture of salt, and it often constitutes the coloring matter for printers ink, an article with which you Mr. Editor are some what familiar. From the name of the third rock in the series, it will be seen that we have lime stone associated with the class under consideration, some of which is very good for making lime. The fourth rock in order is important in some respects: Most of the Grind Stones, and Hone Stones of commerce are obtained from it. It will be seen at a glance, however, that the transition rocks are not as important as the primitive in many respects, at least in this country. It is said that the silver mines of South America are associated with metaliferous lime rock. If this be the case, it is certainly worth the labor necessary, for a thorough investigation wherever this rock is found in North America. It must be borne in mind that this rock cannot be found in a primitive region—hence we shall probably never find much silver in Abbeville.

SCIENTIA.

LAST MOMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.—Rousseau, when dying ordered his attendants to place him before his window that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature. Roscommon uttered at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of "Dies ira." Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he found it almost gone, turning to his brother physician said, "My friend the artery ceases to beat," and died. Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book. Bede died in the act of dictating. Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line. Waller died repeating some lines of Virgil. Tasso's dying request to Cardinal Cynthia was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life.

He had one favor, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works and commit them to the flames, especially his Jerusalem Delivered. Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber with a book in his hand. Clarendon's pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy which terminated his life. Chaucer died ballad making. His last production he entitled "A Ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death bed lying in great anguish." Wycherley, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bed-side, and having taken her hand, in a very solemn manner said he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again. Keats a little before he died, when his friend asked him how he did, replied, in a low voice, "Better, my friend; I feel the daisies growing over me."

BONAPARTE'S BURIAL PLACE.—The solitude of Napoleon, in his exile and his tomb: has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon. Napoleon did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizon of the torrid zone. The man, who has shown himself in such powerful reality, vanished like a dream; his life, which belonged to history, co-operated in the poetry of his death. He now sleeps forever, like a hermit apart, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley, surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence, which presses upon him, can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent; their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the car of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expressed it, speeding his flight downwards from the planet of light, rests alone, for a moment, over the ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe.

Bonaparte crossed the ocean, to repair to his final exile, regardless of that beautiful sky which delighted Columbus. Vasco de Gama and Da Gama. Stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellations were sparkling over his head. His powerful glance, for the first time, encountered the rays. What to him were stars which he had never seen from his bivouacs, and which had never shown over his empire? Nevertheless not one of them has failed to fulfil its destiny; one half of the firmament spread its light over his cradle; the other half was reserved to illumine his tomb.—Chateaubriand.

HOLLOW WARE.—An account of the Texas "flying artillery," used at the battle of San Jacinto we find in an exchange paper. It beats Ringgold's all hollow:

"Sam Houston's flying artillery used at the battle of San Jacinto was one four pounder, lashed with a piece of raw hide to the back of a Jackass. When the piece was discharged it would throw him forward on his face with such force as to detain him in that position until the piece was re-loaded, and as he rose and brought it within range of the Mexicans, the match was applied and away went the animal on his face and knees, and away went thunder and flame and death-dealing balls, and away went the Mexicans, helter skelter."

This was the memorable hollow ware furnished by the Texas sympathisers of Cincinnati at the suggestion of Gen. R. T. Lytle. "Mr. Chairman," said the General, "I am conscious that it would be a violation of neutrality for us to send munitions of war to Texas. But, sir, we can send them hollow ware." The yell of delight which followed the suggestion, still rings in my ears.

The hollow ware was sent as well as a young man to serve it. The piece of flying artillery won the battle of San Jacinto. The battle of San Jacinto achieved the independence of Texas; Texas independence led to Texas annexation; and Texas annexation to war with Mexico; and the war with Mexico may make Zachary Taylor President of the United States.

That single phrase "hollow ware," accomplished all this, besides other and more distant results yet in the womb of the future. What magic dwells in a single word at times.—Cist's Advertiser.

STARTING IN THE WORLD.—There is a great deal depending on young men having the right kind of a start, when they first begin in life for themselves. The majority of young men think it decidedly to their advantage to make a great show the first onset. They wish to do a large amount of capital on a small capital; and quite too many of them set up business on a borrowed capital. This is the most absurd idea of all. Perhaps not one in ten ever succeeds in business who starts after this manner.—Trading on borrowed capital, is like marrying a fashionable lady for your wife—ere

you are aware of it she will get you deeply involved in debt. Just so it is in trading on other men's money; the more you trade the worse you are off; generally speaking. There are few exceptions, however. The only sure way is, to bring your business, within your means, and then it becomes very easy to figure your loss and gain; and if you are fortunate enough to gain it, it is yours.

Parents are generally somewhat to blame about this matter. They will give their sons a large amount of money, in order to set them up to advantage, and by so doing put a damper on their ambition. A young man for instance at the age of twenty-one, coming in possession of two or three thousand dollars at once, is very likely to prove his downfall. Let a young man begin with nothing but his hands, and if there is any ambition about him, he will be sure to succeed. He knows he has to figure and calculate for himself. When he gets a hundred dollars, he will know how to keep it. All that is required of parents is to instill good principles into the mind of their children, give them a good education, and this done, more has been done than silver, or gold can do.

A WILD MAN.—The Halifax (N. S.) Herald of the 7th instant, contains the following singular narrative:

Considerable interest has been created within the last few days past, by the arrival in this city, on Tuesday last, of a wild man who had been discovered in the wood at Cape Breton, in a state of nudity. For the short time this strange individual has been in the Poor's Asylum, he has received numerous visits, and although in a condition of a complete barbarism, begins to afford encouragement that attempts to civilize him, may not be altogether hopeless.

He is both deaf and dumb, and his appearance is extremely haggard. He remains generally—whether awake or asleep—in a sitting position. His skin is considerably shrivelled, from constant exposure to the weather; and his whole deportment resembles more an inferior animal than a human being.

When food is offered him, he seizes, and pressing it into his mouth with both hands, devours it ravenously. He is remarkably fond of salt which he eats in large quantities. The first steps towards civilization have been partially successful; he having learned the use of a spoon, and to a limited extent allowed his body to be covered with light wearing apparel.

It is said that the parents of this singular character emigrated some years ago to Sydney, and having permitted at pleasure, he acquired a knowledge of the woods. His parent's residence a number of days, at a time, until compelled for want of food, to return home; and on the death of his parents, he took up his abode in the forest altogether, until the time of his capture.

LINKS OF ADVICE.—Never speak of natural defects in the company of the deformed. Utter no word that will wound the feelings of those who are in humble circumstances.

When attacked by vulgar and brutal language, be as mild as possible in your replies.

Laugh not at those who make and awkward appearance, remembering what you would have been without the polish of society.

Ridicule not the aged and infirm. You may live to be old.

Spurn not a person with a darker skin than your own. God, not man, is answerable for this.

If possible, take sides with the weak. The powerful will never lack supporters.

Love your neighbors—serve your maker—exert a good influence, and prepare for a better world.—Boston Olive Branch.

COPPER AND SILVER MINES, MEXICO, &c.—The London Mining Journal of the 12th ult. contains full statements of the operations in the various mines, at Riapas, Guanajuato, the Balonios, Copiapo, Delmonteas, &c. Alexander Harvey and the Michael Williams had arrived at Swansea, in South Wales, with 710 tons copper ore, and four tons silver ore, to be there smelted. Copper ore, value \$240,000, was sent to Swansea, Wales, to be smelted last year from Australia.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt.

Sir Walter Scott.